



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 9.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1798.

WHOLE NO. 529.

### THE GLEBE HOUSE;

A TALE.

Found in the cabinet of a lady of distinction, lately deceased.

IN a beautiful vale, watered by a winding river, in D—shire, was situated the Glebe-house of Mr. Owens, who convinced of the truth and efficacy of those doctrines it was his duty to instil, ever delivered them with that awfulness and energy, calculated to catch the most wandering idea, and soften the heart, if not thoroughly hardened in the school of depravity.

He was much esteemed in his neighborhood, and often brought to mind the good parson of Auburn Village—his virtues and humanity would have adorned the most exalted station, while his simplicity and content appeared as if none other than his present humble one would have suited him half so well.

Moderate as was his income, he still reserved some trifle for the children of affliction—satisfied, that a small gift from the hand of real charity, would obtain the blessing of Providence. He knew not the vanities of life, and thought with Goldsmith,

"Man wants but little here below,

"Nor wants that little long."

His wife with equal simplicity, had a much larger portion of vanity—nor could any argument to the contrary persuade her but that more happiness must be enjoyed in a coach and six, than without one. She yet remembered with pride, her maiden name of pretty Fan of the Glade, but was fonder, if possible, of displaying her daughter's perfections than her own; she was, to allow her all her merits, an excellent housewife, was reckoned the greatest adept in the country at *Pope-Jean*, and had introduced several improving ingredients in mixing particular puddings.

Her sweet little boy, Jasper as she called him, was now clearly six feet high, and in his one and twentieth year—the tints of the lily, once conspicuous on his face, had long been usurped by a brown hue, enlivened with the brightest bloom of health; his hair of the darkest chestnut, luxuriantly thick, hung carelessly round his neck and forehead, while the fire of his large hazel eyes might have been played off with dangerous success, against hearts boasting of peculiar frigidness.

But except a little rustic gallantry with the wood nymphs, poor Jasper had confined his admiration to ladies who had flourished centuries back, such as Hebe, Cleopatra, Lucretia, &c. His father had really almost made him a pedant.—With such abilities 'twas surely hoped he would establish his family in prosperity.

Natural are those prefaces in the paternal heart, and while bounded by reason, cruel would be the hand which would seek to crush them.

Constantia, their only daughter was about seventeen, her person of the middling height was formed with a pleasing delicacy, her face inclining to roundness and exquisitely fair, was animated by the pure blushes of nature—her blue eyes sparkled through their long lashes with that resplendent look of which I hompson so eloquently speaks.

A smile, ever brought into her cheeks the sweetest dimples, and her mouth, tempting as the rosebud, discovered when she spoke, a set of teeth that might almost be called pearl.

With an artless negligence, her light brown hair flowed down her back, and had the trees, (as we are told was once the case,) been occupied by Dryads, those about the Glebe might have regretted her charms, since the pen of pastoral lovers on their smooth rinds, had made numberless incisions concerning them.

Vivacity and innocence were conspicuous in her every action; she joined in the merriment of her companions, and she wept at the tale of the unfortunate.

The Glebe-house was a rough old structure—the ivy crept over one wing entirely and over the door was a beautiful canopy, of honey suckles; the lawn on which it stood was hedged round with evergreens and planted with elms, and the waving poplar; the garden was laid out more for use than show, yet it was not unpleasing, nor had a shady seat for recreation after the fatigues of the day, been forgotten.

Such was the Glebe-house and its inhabitants whom circling years still found in possession of felicity, and consenting spring shed her own rosy garland on their heads, when the death of Constantia's sponsor, threw them into a little commotion. She fulfilled her promise of a legacy, by a bequest of two hundred pounds to Mrs. Owens.

That good woman shed a flood of tears when she heard the first account of the death, but soon moderated her grief by quoting an old saying of her husband's—"we are all mortal, and must die sooner or later;" in short, she never rested until she put on her cloak and hat, and speeded away to a particular friend of her's.

Mrs. Crofts was a lady who had retired to the country to lye-in about six months after the death of her lamented spouse; finding the people very simple, and very much what she wanted them to be, she settled near the Glebe-house, now and then taking a trip to London—in which, never accompanying her, we cannot pretend to ascertain her business; no gross vapors of slander ever pursued her from the metropolis to lessen the esteem she was regarded with in the neighborhood, whither the purity of the surrounding atmosphere might have repelled them we cannot determine.

Mrs. Owens sat down puffing and blowing, a tear dropped on her cheek, she felt another starting and timely wiped it away with the corner of her apron.

My dear friend is gone, said she, answering the interrogations of Mrs. Crofts, my sweet friend, a sad loss I have sustained—but as poor Frank says, we must all go, my dear friend—she has left me two hundred pounds.

Mrs. Crofts declared she did not wonder at her grief, her friend was a valuable person, and she well knew what it was to lose the dearest connections. Her husband had been dead these five years, yet she still wept over his memory; here her tears began to flow, and the assisted matrons

found it requisite to partake of an admirable cordial which Mrs. Crofts recommended as a most effectual remedy for grief.

Mrs. Owens asked her advice concerning the disposal of the legacy, hinting her intention of going to London. Mrs. Crofts declared it was the wisest scheme in the world—that perfections such as her children possessed should not be concealed; they were not, born to bloom unseen—in short the journey was strenuously recommended.

The affair was discussed over and over, preliminaries adjusted; to London Mrs. Owens was resolved to go, and Mrs. Crofts was to give commendatory letters and procure lodgings at a cousin of her's.

When Mrs. Owens returned home—well Frank, said she, I have settled every thing about the two hundred pounds; aye, to be sure said he—I mean to go to market next week and buy such a flock of sheep as was not seen in those parts this some time, Jasper shall have a poney, and the great dyke in the garden shall be filled up.

No truly, exclaimed she, not one of those things shall be done with my legacy. I intend going to London with the children;—Yes Mr. Owens continued she with more violence, perceiving his astonishment, we are not always to be secluded, we were not born to bloom unseen, as Mrs. Crofts says.

You jest lovey, said he—aye, aye, deary, when I am a bishop, you shall go to London: I believe if we wait for that, replied she, we will be as grey as your old goose; no, no, Frank, the money was left to me and the money I will spend—sure in your heart you must know what advantages the children will receive from seeing the town; Jasper has such a head that I make no doubt of his getting a fortune; and as for Constance, the little rogue, she shall shew the world what pretty Fan of the Glade was in her youth.

When the poor parson was convinced of the seriousness of her intention, he earnestly besought her to alter her mind; he pointed out every avenue to danger, and conjured her to avoid the destruction of their happiness.

My Fanny, he cried, you are too innocent to encounter the wickedness of the town, our darlings here in their proper sphere, will not behold objects which will excite wishes—wishes that create distress from an inability to gratify them.

All his rhetoric was vain, she was determined; he therefore made a virtue of necessity, and submitted.—Yet a tear involuntarily fell.

Since resolved, then exclaimed he, may heaven guard you, and bring you safely back to the Glebe-house—but indulge me one moment, my love, while I repeat a fable, which I think very applicable at this time.

#### THE FABLE.

In a sweet sheltered nest, two doves once lived, remarkable for felicity, till a spirit of wandering seized the female, and to travel she would go.—The first day's journey, overtaken by a storm, she sought shelter in a garden, where an unfeeling



ing creature knocked her down with a stone out of sport; another attempted to seize her, but she escaped with the loss of a great part of her plumage.

She now thought of her deserted nest and partner, but still resolved to pursue her travels, scarcely had the morning light dawn'd, when two hawks perceived and flew after her. By their fighting whose she should be, the fugitive had time to secret herself, and panting, exclaimed, oh! could I again reach my peaceful nest, no power should tempt me to forsake my tender mate!

I don't know what you mean, said Mrs. Owens, pettishly by your doves and haws. I suppose you would have me cooling for ever by your side, but no, Mr. Owens, it will not do, and you must positively hire a carriage tomorrow, for on the next day I am resolved to go, which proves, father, replied Jasper, who had listened to the whole controversy, she will have her own way, &c, &c, to town she goes.

[To be continued.]

#### REMARKABLE DREAM.

The following instance of a Dream was related by the late Mr. Catcott, a worthy Clergyman of Bristol, in England.

A Gentleman, a friend of Mr. Catcott, observed to him one morning, that he had been much alarmed the night before by a dream, so strong, lively, and distinct, that no space of time could efface it from his recollection.

That a woman (whom he circumstantially described to Mr. C.) had appeared before him, made an attempt upon his life; and that his visionary murders was so strongly impressed on his memory, that he still shuddered when he thought of her. Mr. C. smiled, and the subject was changed.

About a dozen years after, as the gentleman who had the dream was travelling in Germany, what were his horror and amazement, on reaching the inn where he was to sleep, when he beheld the very woman (precisely in the same dress and features) whom he had seen in a dream, in England, twelve years before! He consulted with his servant, and they retired after supper to a two bedded chamber, where they lay with cocked pistols and beating hearts, attending the event. Accordingly after all the family had retired to rest, the door of the apartment was pushed open, and the woman made her appearance with a weapon in her hand! The English travellers, however soon secured her, and thus, by an interposition, which even an Atheist must allow to have been providential, were the lives of two innocent persons rescued from the attack of an assassin.

#### ANECDOTE.

THE leader of a gang of banditti in Corsica, who had long been famous for his exploits, was at length taken and committed to the care of a soldier, from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was condemned to death. At the place of execution, a man, coming up to the commanding officer, said, "Sir, I am a stranger to you, but you shall soon know who I am. I have heard that one of your soldiers is to die for having suffered a prisoner to escape. He was not at all to blame; besides the prisoner shall be restored to you. Behold him here: I am the man. I cannot bear that an innocent man should be punished for me: and have come to die myself."—"No," cried the French officer, who felt the sublimity of the action as he ought, "thou shalt not die: and the soldier shall be set at liberty. Endeavor to reap the fruits of thy generosity. Thou deservest to be henceforth an honest man."

#### AN INGENUOUS DEFENCE.

A FACT.

A Pig stealer lately taken in the neighborhood of Chelmsford, exhibited the following curious defence:—"That he met them on the road, and used his endeavors to pass them, but they ran after him, and he could not after using every means, get rid of them, and therefore at last thought it best to drive them before him."

MAXIM.

RESOLUTE people alone can be truly good natured; such as commonly seem so are weak and easily soured.

[The heart that the following lines will not melt into sympathy must be harder than adamant. They exhibit a picture but too true, as every village in Ireland can bear testimony.]

#### MARY LE MORE.

AH! soldiers of Britain, your merciless doings.

Long, long must the children of Erin deplore:

All sad is my soul when I view the black ruins

Where once stood the cabin of Mary Le More.

Her father (God rest him) lov'd Ireland most dearly;

All her wrongs, all her sufferings, he felt most severely;

And with Freedom's firm sons he united sincerely;

But--gone is the father of Mary Le More.

One cold winter's eve, as poor Dermot sat musing,

Hoarse curses alarm'd him--and crash went the door:

The fierce soldiers enter'd, and straight 'gan abusing

The brave yet mild father of Mary Le More.

To their scoffs he replied not--with blows they assail'd him;

He felt all indignant--his caution now fail'd him--

He return'd their vile blows, and all Munster bewail'd him;

For--Rabb'd was the father of Mary Le More.

The children's wild screams and the mother's distraction

While the father, the husband, lay stretch'd in his gore.

Ah! who can relate and not curse the foul faction

That blasted that rose-bud, sweet Mary Le More?

"O my father, my father!" she cried, wildly throwing

Her arms round his neck, whilst his life's blood was flowing;

She kiss'd his cold lips--but poor Dermot was going;

He groan'd--and left fatherless Mary Le More.

With destruction uncloy'd, this infernal banditti,

(Tho' the rain fell in sheets, and the wind it blew sore)

These fiends of the castle, these foes to all pity

Set fire to the cabin of Mary Le More.

The mother and children, half naked and shrieking,

Escap'd from the flames where poor Dermot lay reeking;

And, while the said victims for shelter were seeking,

Ah! mark what befel the poor Mary Le More.

From her father's pale cheek, which her lap had supported,

To an out-house these ruffians the lovely girl bore;

With her tears, her intreaties, her sorrows they sported,

And by force they despoil'd poor Mary Le More.

And now a poor maniac, she roams the wide common;

'Gainst the soldiers of Britain she warns every woman;

And she sings of her father in strains more than human,

Till tears often fall for poor Mary Le More.

O daughters of Ireland, your country's salvation!

Whilst the waves of old ocean shall bear round your shore,

Remember the wrongs of your long-shackled nation,

Remember the woes of poor Mary Le More.

And while your hearts swell--O with spirits all fire

Your lovers, your brothers, your husbands inspire!

Till the union shall make all oppressors retire

From the soil where now wanders poor Mary Le More.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### ELEGY.

ALONE on the verge of the sea

Young Mary was heard to complain;

The winds they howl'd dreadful around,

And lash'd the loud bellowing main.

Her voice was quite hoarse with her cries,

Her bosom was rent with despair,

Her face with strong grief became pale,

She gave her complaints to the air.

Her William that night was to come

And make her forever his own;

(But alas! lovely Mary, he's gone

From whence he will never return.)

At last the day dawn'd on the fight,

The air became calm and serene;

Alas! it but doubled her grief,

Her soul it was shock'd at the scene.

Thrown up on the sea beaten shore,

Lay lifeless the corse of her love;

His spirit had flown from the clay,

To mingle with others above.

Her tresses in anguish she rent,

And frantic became at the sight,

She press'd his cold hand to her lips,

Then sunk into regions of light.

I. A.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### NIGHT.

THE sun has sunk behind the western hills,  
His steeds grown weary, hush the car no more!  
The falling dew in gentlest drops distils,  
And nature's hush'd in universal night;  
Save where the murmur of the distant rill  
Are caught by echo's ever wakeful ear;  
Save where the raven croaks her doleful note;  
Save where the thoughtful owl bewilder'd screams.  
Pale Cynthia silver's o'er the distant lawn,  
And gently trembles on the lucid wave;  
Half giving back the day so lately gone,  
She rides majestic thro' the azure vault;  
The rustic sleeps secure in innocence,  
Nor knows the care or trouble riches bring;  
His labor done, he seeks his peaceful cot,  
First tucks his reed, then sinks to downy bliss.  
The egplantine prepares her beauteous leaf,  
Which Sol shall open to Aurora's eye;  
Zephyrs shall catch its fragrance as they play,  
And fan its bosom with their gentlest gales.  
Luna now sinks behind the mountain's side,  
Each object seems to mourn her parting beams;  
The air grows dark--but Sol shall soon arise  
To chase the darkness of the silent night.  
New-York, August, 1798.

I. A.

#### CHARACTER OF A SAILOR.

HE is a pitched piece of reason caulked and tackled, and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled; a fair wind is the substance of his creed, and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climbing out of sight; as naturally he fears, for he is ever flying; Time and he are every where; ever contending who shall arrive first; he is well wadded, for he tires the day, and out runs darkness: His life is like a hawk's, the best part mowed; and if he livestill three coms, is a master; He fees God's wonders in the deep, but so as they rather appear his play-fellows, than sinners of zeal: Nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him, and then but his upper deck neither, for his hold neither fears nor hopes; his sleeps are but reprieves of his dangers, and when he awakes, it is but next stage to dying: His wisdom is the coldest part about him, for it ever points to the north, and it lies lowest, which makes his valor every tide overflow it. In a storm it is disputable whether the noise be more his or the elements', and which will first least scolding; on which side of the ship he may be saved best, whether his faith be Starboard faith or larboard, or the helm at that time not all his hope of Heaven. His keel is the emblem of his conscience; till it be split, he never repents--then no farther than the land allows him. His language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new notions: His body and his ship are both one burden; not it is known who flows most wine or rolls most, only the ship is guided--he has no stern; a barnacle and he are bred together both of one nature, and it is feared, one reason: Upon any but a wooden horse he cannot ride, and if the wind blows against him he dare not; he swims up to his seat as to a sail yard, and cannot sit unless he beat a flag stiff; if ever he be broken to the saddle it is but a voyage still; for he mistakes the bridle for a bowling, and it were turning his horse's tail: He can play, but it is by rote, not faith, and when he would be darest not, for his brackish belief hath made that ominous. A rock or a quagmire pluck him before he is ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at Wapping.

#### ANECDOTE.

AS Doctor Franklin and Doctor Mather were passing through and arch in Boston, Dr Mather being some what behind, observed to Dr Franklin, that he was following his steps through this world, and at that instant struck his head against one of the beams. The Dr replied, if he wished to go on peaceably, he must stoop, or he would get many a blow on the head.

MAXIM.

FEW are so wise as to prefer useful reproof to flattering praise.



SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1798.

Saturday evening a thunder gale came up, and passed over the city; the lightning was almost incessant for about two hours; we are happy to learn, that no accident happened in this place, but equally regret hearing that a sloop was struck, laying under the Long-Island shore, on board of which were two young men, one of whom was much injured, the other killed on the spot; a barn was also struck at Hempstead, (L. I.) and instantly burnt to the ground; we hope there are all the accidents that occurred.

Capt. Fitch, of the schooner *Huntress*, 5 days from Savannah, informs that the day previous to his sailing a Spanish brig came up the river and anchored opposite the town. Suspensions immediately arose of her being a privateer, and upon examination the suspicions were realized. It appeared she had taken two American vessels belonging to Savannah, and sent them into St. Augustine where they were condemned; that she was short of provisions, had left her guns below and went up to the town for a supply. On receiving this information the citizens collected and on the night following her arrival set fire to her and burnt her down to the water, and the hands on board who were pretty numerous, all got safe ashore.

Extract of a letter from Switzerland.

"You can form no idea of the misery which prevails in this wretched country since the French came into it; but it would be painful to you to hear how much they have disgraced themselves and degraded us by their abominable conduct. History furnishes no examples of such atrocious conduct. Property is attacked on all occasions; Modesty violated, and law and religion turned into ridicule: In short, injury and insult cannot be carried farther than they do."

"We have but one consolation left, which is, that things are too bad to last; and certainly, those whom the French have subdued, one by one, by treachery, will unite to throw off the yoke. If we could have some support from the Emperor, the tide might easily be turned yet, for there are but very few among us devoted to the Directory of France; and even those few complain."

A London paper says that it is calculated here that France has drawn from foreign countries since the year 1794, 750 millions of livres, about 30 millions sterling, in money or plate, besides the various innumerable requisitions. Notwithstanding this, however, the penury of the republic is so great, that the French Consul at Amsterdam could not raise a sum of about 8000 sterling, which were wanted for the repairs of a vessel. Not being able to get it from the minister of Marine at Paris, to whom he applied on the occasion, he was obliged to ask the assistance of the Directory of the Batavia Republic who advanced it to him.

From a London Paper.

Every day brings to our knowledge new acts of atrocity committed by the rebels. In the county of Wexford, among many instances of massacre, the following excites particular detestation and horror:—The Rev. Mr. Haydon a Protestant Clergyman, much esteemed, having had some of his neighbors to spend the evening with him, a Miss Clifford, residing in his house, whose beauty and whole virtues made her the admiration of the country, was requested to sing "Croppies lie down,"—she did so, little thinking that her compliance would have been the cause of her death! The next morning the house was attacked by a party of insurgents and the whole family massacred with circumstances of the most horrid cruelty.—The servant who attended the family at supper the preceding night, snatched a pike from one of his brother demons, and plunged it into the beautiful bosom of Miss Clifford, exclaiming at the same time, "There, you d—d w—e, take that for your Croppie lie down!"—Four infants were not spared, but tossed in hellish sport, on the point of the pikes!

ALBANY, August 13.

We are told that the sum deemed necessary to fortify the port of New-York, is TWELVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.—Should the Legislature make this appropriation or any other sum, it would undoubtedly be paid to their credit by the United States, in paying the balance of two millions of dollars we are owing them on account of the revolutionary war.

On Friday last, about 4 o'clock P. M. the dwelling house of Ebenezer Clark, Esq. of Argyle, was struck with lightning—by which accident one of his sons was instantly killed—and Mrs. Clark, one of his daughters, and a step-daughter were very much hurt, so much so, that the life of the latter was despaired of when our informant left Argyle. The lightning entered the chimney, in the north part of the house, removed one of the rafters of the roof, destroyed nearly all the windows on that side, and otherways greatly damaged the house. Judge Clark, was in the city, attending his duty in the honorable, the Senate, of which he is a member, when this most distressing and melancholy misfortune happened—an express brought him the sad tidings on Saturday.

BOSTON, August 9.

Capt Albert Smith, arrived here last evening in 70 days from St Petersburg (in Russia) has politely furnished the public with the following interesting intelligence. That the Great and Mighty Emperor of all the Russians, was making great preparations for war; that he had ordered 100,000 men to be in readiness to march through Poland, to join the King of Prussia's army—200,000 more were ordered out of barracks to encamp in the field; several transports were loading with heavy baggage for Danzig; 15 sail of the line and 6 frigates were ordered to leave Constat on the 25 of May, and were to be joined in the North Sea by 5 new ships of the line, and some smaller vessels from Archangel; they were then to proceed to England; besides this force, 300 galleys were getting in readiness to proceed to sea; the command of this armament was given to Vice Admiral Sir George Tate, an American. It is worthy of remark, that this gentleman was a great favorite of the Emperors.

While the Emperor is personally employed in disciplining his soldiers, which is his favorite amusement, his new Financier is replenishing his coffers from additional burdens on every class of his subjects, those in trade and commerce particularly; and though foreign merchants are the principal supporters of his revenue, yet they are watched with a very jealous eye, nor dare they pass to either part of the city without a passport, every part of their effects is regulated by order from the Police office, even to their hair.

Capt Smith left Copenhagen the 30th May, and says, that the King of Denmark, having refused to contribute his proportion for carrying on the republican war, near 40 sail of rich Danish vessels had been taken and condemned by the French, and it was certain that the Danes were not without their fears of a visit from the French armies: The republican ambassador had demanded the Baltic Sound to be shut against all the enemies of France; no direct answer, however, had been given the 30th May, and the French minister was preparing to leave Copenhagen.

About 20 French privateers were cruising on the coasts of Norway and Sweden, and had taken from the 10th to the 30th May, near 40 prizes from different nations.

Capt Smith sailed from Livorno under the protection of a British convoy, for Liverpool, and had the pleasure to see one privateer taken near the Scrow. A Danish and Swedish convoy left the Sound in company, bound to the Mediterranean, loaded principally with West India and American produce.

O'Coigley, a clergyman, has been executed in Ireland for treason.

When he arrived at Penenden Heath, to which place he had been conveyed in the usual manner on a hurdle, he proceeded to read some Latin and English prayers. After reading about five minutes, he took an orange out of his pocket, and then a penknife; but his arms being bound behind, he could not cut the orange; upon which he beckoned to a friend, who attended him, and gave him the orange and penknife, saying—"Cut this orange with my penknife: It has been said they would not trust me with a penknife, lest I should cut my throat: but they little knew that I would not deprive myself of the glory of dying in this way."—He desired his friend to keep his penknife for his sake, and to hold some of the pieces of orange, all of which he ate in the course of his devotions. After he had finished the long prayer, he kneeled in the hurdle and sang a psalm. He then repeated another prayer to himself, with which he concluded.—A Romish clergyman, of the name of Griffiths, who had in vain solicited him to make confessions, gave him absolution. He then shook hands with all around him, and immediately attended the platform by means of a ladder, and, on being tied up to the gallows, he delivered a speech, some parts of which were very violent.

## COURT of HYMEN.

THUS, when congenial souls join hand in hand  
In wedlock's sacred tie—  
Joys ever springing, ever new,  
Shall ope the bud of life,  
Expanding to the bright meridian sun;  
Nor shall they fade,  
But with the dim expiring lamp of life.

## MARRIED.

At Baltimore, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kutz, JACOB WAGNER, Esq. of Philadelphia, chief Clerk in the Office of the department of State, to Miss RACHAEL RABORG, daughter of Mr. Christopher Raborg, of Baltimore.

## MORTALITY.

-----Death conquers all—  
The cunning statesman and the soldier brave,  
No more his fatal darts can shun  
Than can the feeble timorous fair,  
Alike they victims fall,  
And here enroll'd are found,

## DIED.

On Friday the 10th instant Mrs ANNA MARIA CREIGHTON, in the 44th year of her age, after a lingering illness, which she sustained with christian fortitude and resignation.

On Wednesday evening last, after a short but severe illness, Miss MARY CRUMPTON, daughter of Mr. John Crumpton, of this city.

At Boston, while one Dill, during a violent thunder storm, was digging a grave for a man who was found dead, he was himself struck by lightning, and fell directly into the pit he was digging for another.

## SIX CENTS REWARD.

RUNAWAY from the subscribers, on Tuesday morning last, an Apprentice boy named HENRY FOSTER, aged about 17 or 18 years, better than 5 feet high, pretty thick set, squints considerably, had on when he went away, a clouded Nankeen Coat, Blue Trowsers, and Light Striped Vest. Whoever will take up said Apprentice, and return him to his masters, shall be entitled to the above reward and reasonable charges.

FURMAN & MAPES,

No. 245 Water-street.

All masters of vessels and others are forbid harboring or carrying him off.

New-York, Aug. 18, 1798.

29--tf.

## TO LET

FROM the first of November next, a House and six acres and an half of ground, situated at Hazlem Heights, near the 21 mile stone. There is on the premises a good dwelling house containing 5 rooms, small barn, stable and horse shed, and a well of excellent water at the door. The land is in good order, and will cut six loads of hay, is a very excellent stand for a public house, being on the post roads to Albany and Boston. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber on the premises.

August 13, 1798.

ITHAMER HALEY.

## PROPOSALS,

By John Scoles, Engraver, no. 6 Broad-street, New-York, For publishing by Subscription, AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING, IN MEMORY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

## CONDITIONS.

I. THE size of the Plate to be 16 by 20 inches, and to be executed in the dotted or chalk stile of engraving.

II. IT shall be printed on the best paper, and delivered in rotation to subscribers, at a dollar and 50 cents.

N. B. The drawing may be seen by applying at the Publisher's.

PRINTS, DRAWINGS, NEEDLE WORK, &c.  
Framed with elegance, and on the lowest terms.

WANTED in a respectable family, a black girl or boy about 13 years old; to be bound till of age. Enquire of the printer.

29--tf





## COURT of APOLLO.

### ON PRAYER.

Imitation from the French of Mangini Nivernois.

THRO' driving fleet, and drifted snow,  
A pious fire resolved to go  
To pay his vows to Jove;  
And well I ween much cause he had  
Of hope and fear, of good and bad,  
From the decrees above.

His sons were prest, and sent to fight;  
A damn'd attorney wrong or right,  
Had hamper'd him in law;  
By eager hope of gain allur'd,  
His ships at sea were not insur'd;  
His wife was in the straw.

His weary steps the summit gain,  
Were high in air up rose the fane,  
Rock'd by the wintry blast:  
Just as he reach'd the portals wide,  
A quondam friend his entrance spy'd,  
And ask'd him why so fast?

What says the philosophic sage,  
Does folly always grow with age?  
What brings you here such weather,  
The youngest blood this breeze would chill  
You cough and look exceeding ill—  
Your lungs are not of leather!

Think'st thou the gods have power to grant  
What foolish mortals wish and want,  
In every selfish vow?  
As well to Jove a worm might cry,  
Whilst the swift share is passing by,  
And bid him stop the plough!

The future, present and the past,  
Were form'd at one almighty cast,  
On one unchanging plan:  
Will rapid orbs that whirling pass—  
Will the momentum of the mass—  
Stop for the insect man?

Think'st thou?—indeed, my friend, not I—  
I know that mighty Jove on high,  
Superior and alone,  
Exempt from human hope and fear,  
Sees spaceless time's eternal year  
Revolve around his throne.

But man in every clime and age,  
"The faint, the savage, and the sage,"  
When urg'd by joy or care—  
Helpless, and to the future blind—  
Looks up to the Omniscient mind,  
And fooths his soul with prayer,

### TO DEATH

Imitated from verses of the duc de nivernois.

DEATH! I do not fear thee—  
Death I dare come near thee—  
The present good I always seize;  
The present ill I bear with ease.  
I ne'er look back on passing sorrow—  
I never tremble for to-morrow.  
I ne'er from harmless pleasure fly,  
Nor fill the cup of joy too high.  
What nature gives, I ne'er abuse—  
What nature wants, I ne'er refuse.  
Thus I secure my tranquil state,  
"Shun the extremes and leave the rest to fate"

MAXIM.

PRIDE has its caprice, as well as other passions; we are ashamed to own that we are jealous; yet value ourselves for not having been so, and for being susceptible of it.

## MORALIST.

### CONTENT.

CONTENT, which is the greatest happiness the human mind is capable of attaining, must be a perfect stranger to the ambitious man, he is ever aspiring after what he thinks will make him happy, he raises his desires to wealth and honors, but does not consider the many troubles that attend such a situation. A garter and a gilded chariot are but poor emblems of felicity: the meanest cottager may be much happier than the peer, whom we short-sighted mortals are apt to envy, when if the real happiness of each could be put in the most exact balance, we might find the former greatly preponderate. Pageantry and show are mere baubles, not worth our desire or attention. He who has them, is no more contented than the other that covets them; for as soon as we arrive at the summit of our wishes, we are still anxious for some thing else, as Mr. Prior but too justly observes:

Against our peace we arm our will;  
Amid our plenty something still  
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,  
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.

That cruel something unpossest,  
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.  
That something if we could obtain,  
Would soon create a future pain.

By Order of the Hon. Richard Harrison, Esq. Recorder of the City of New-York.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the Creditors of John Bayler, an Insolvent Debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said Recorder, at his chambers, situate in Broadway, in the city of New-York, on the 21st day of September next, at ten o'clock in the morning, why an assignment of the said Insolvent's estate should not be made, and he discharged according to the directions of the act entitled "An act for giving relief in cases of Insolventcy," passed the 21st day of March, 1788. Dated this 31st day of July, 1798.

JOHN BAYLER, Insolvent.  
Alexander Anderson and others, Petitioning Creditors.  
28-6w

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New-York, May 5, 1798.

14—tf

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